

The Dreamtime

Every object in the world has its own dreamtime.

Every person has their own dreamtime.

Every animal has their own dreamtime.

The concept of “place” is interwoven with the dreamtime of place.

Each place is unique.

The dreamtime of a person, place, animal or object is the matter of it, the story of it, the mythology of it.

Space is not a place until something happens there.

Empty space where nothing has ever happened is a dreamtime of nothing.

The wilderness is a dreamtime of the wild.

The countryside is a dreamtime of enslaving the wild.

The city is a dreamtime of sophistication and degradation.

Suburbia is a dreamtime of Dick Whittington and curtain twitching. The people of suburbia watch the dreamtime of each other and mythologise.

The dreamtime is a headspace and a heartspace and a field of fictional energy.

Fictional energy is the capacity for doing work within a narrative.

People are influenced by Robin Hood and Sherlock Holmes and Superman and Santa Claus. The Dreamtime has power.

History is bunk.

The mathematicians who calculate the amount of matter and energy in the universe say that their mathematics doesn't add up unless we imagine some extra matter and energy called “Dark”.

The universe is really two universes bonded together.

One universe is made of time and space and atoms.

The other universe is made of stories.

The two universes exist as one and are two halves of the same reality.

Atoms and stories are the building blocks of reality.

The matter of Britain is also the dreamtime of Britain.

The area halfway between two places is not a place, until something happens there.

A fish walked out of the sea in Gotland.

The King of the Fish was buried alive in Godland.

The River Woman's babies swim to the dreaming ocean.